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**RED TERROR**  
**or**  
**ROBERT CHUNG'S ESCAPE**  
**By Floyd N. Bradley**

Author of  
Ten Years Behind the Sacred Desk  
Soul Requisites

Third Edition

Pentecostal Publishing Company  
Louisville, Kentucky

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**PREFACE**

I first met Robert Chung more than twenty-five years ago. I shall never forget the  
impression he made upon me as a young minister. As I listened to him there was born in my heart a  
love and an interest for the Korean people that I have never gotten over. They have first priority on  
my missionary prayer list.

When I learned that Brother Chung and his family had arrived in the States I could not content myself until I saw him and learned first hand how wonderfully God had delivered them. As I listened to his thrilling story I felt that it should be in print. I knew there would be thousands that could not hear him tell it, who could read and be blessed if it were in book form.

As a result of the urge to send it forth, here it is. I have tried to describe it as he would, and I trust as you read it it shall warm your heart, make you more interested in the work of missions and make you more thankful for the comforts you enjoy.

Since the book has been written we have learned that just thirty minutes after the Chungs left their home in Seoul the communists were hunting him. Some of the native preachers were severely persecuted in an effort to learn of Brother Chung's where abouts. We have also learned of the Black Sunday when ten thousand Korean Christians were executed.

Let us rejoice for the deliverance of the Chungs and pray for those who had to remain to suffer the torments and ravages of war.

Floyd N. Bradley

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## 1 MOMENTS OF ANXIETY

The daily miracle was about to take place; a new day was about to be born. The crimson streaks began to show in the gray of the dawn, while night was silently stealing away with her shadows. Mother nature was preparing to flood the ancient city of Seoul with the radiance of the sun, while other forces were ready to wrap it in the dismal garments of war and destruction. The dawning of this day -- the twenty-fifth of June, 1950 -- was to make history, not only in the land of the Morning Calm but throughout the world.

Robert Chung awoke with a start; his heart was beating hard as if in the throes of distraction. There was an immediate consciousness that something was wrong; yet as he glanced around the room in the light of the dawn; he found no reason for fear. There wasn't a soul in the room except his wife who was still sleeping. He lay there wondering why he felt as he did. Every thing was quiet; the city seemed to be still asleep. Perhaps he had been dreaming. But no -- there was a strange oppressive feeling of impending doom as the hush before a storm. Nor did the increasing beauty of the rising sun change his mood.

He thought about the struggle of the Korean people. The happy day of liberation when the American troops replaced the Japanese flag with the Stars and Stripes. Now -- here they were, threatened with a way of life that would be far worse. Perhaps it was the fear of Red Terror that had been working on his subconscious mind while he was asleep. As he turned his thoughts to the promises of God, his heart was encouraged. Certainly God would eventually give victory to his native land.

It was Sunday morning. He was to preach at one of the near-by churches that morning so there would be no time to waste. Soon the family was up and the children were busying themselves with tidying the house while mother prepared the breakfast. There was little said during the process for Brother Chung had kept his fears to himself.

They seated themselves in Korean custom and after the blessing was asked, they proceeded to eat without comment. Elliott, the oldest, broke the silence with a question regarding the North Korean situation. He too, had been much concerned lately. The students at the medical school where he attended were aware of the threat, and knew that they would be conscripted for the Army if there was an outbreak. Ruthie, nearly sixteen, sat munching her rice.

"Well, Dad --", interrupted the youngest, Larry by name, with fourteen years of energy packed into a well-built physique, "can we put the radio on? Maybe we can find out something."

Robert nodded his approval without speaking and Larry leaned back and snapped the switch.

"... The event took place shortly after daybreak this morning," said the announcer.

"What's that -- what's that?" said Brother Chung excitedly as he got to his feet.

The announcer went on -- "Although the thirty-eighth parallel has been crossed by the North Korean forces, yet the fighting is not serious and Army headquarters think it will be only a short time before the matter will be under control. President Syngman Rhee is confident in this matter and will speak to the people of South Korea this morning at 10 o'clock."

So that was it! That was the strange feeling in the early morning hours. The thing that all had feared, had happened. Well, they say it is not serious. Everyone hoped that it wasn't, but in spite of forced optimism, a lurking fear persisted.

It wasn't long until the neighbors were out and the streets were full of excited Koreans. If the thirty-eighth parallel had been crossed, it wouldn't take long for Seoul to be captured, since it was only about thirty miles south of the line. However, when the President spoke, it was with words of assurance that there was no need to fear.

The Chung children hurried off to Sunday school and Rev. Chung and his wife started for the Hong-pa-dong Church which is a fifteen minutes walk from their house. He could not help thinking that perhaps this might be the last sermon he would preach for a while in free Korea. The church bells were ringing today but might be silenced tomorrow.

It would be hard to describe that Sunday morning service. A feeling of excitement mingled with fear pervaded the atmosphere. The Koreans were anxious to have their country united; they were sure that most of the people in the north felt the same way. Would this new conflict bring about that unity or would all Korea be swallowed up by the Reds? In spite of the President's assurance, there was a general feeling that perhaps they were not ready for such a decisive battle. If the American Army of occupation had remained, there would be no question, but the few hundred G. I.'s scattered throughout the country were only there in an advisory capacity and were not equipped or authorized to fight. In spite of the uncertainty the congregation quieted down and the Lord met their hearts with His presence and blessing.

In the afternoon, Brother Chung and the five Seoul pastors met for prayer and council. By evening there had developed such a wave of patriotic frenzy that it was impossible to have a service. The news from the front was that the North Koreans were advancing. Although this was not official yet it affected the whole populace until there was very little sleeping in the city of Seoul that night.

Monday morning's radio announcement was that there was no need of fear. Affairs in Seoul were to go on as usual; business places would be open and there would be school for the children. But during the mid-morning, Brother Chung met a detective friend who advised him that the situation was more critical than was being publicized, and that he should make plans to leave the city. Since he had received several black letters from the Communists, if they invaded the city, more than likely he and his family would be killed on the spot.

Most of the afternoon was spent visiting the local pastors and laying plans for them to carry on. Their feeling was that since Robert Chung was so well known and had been a target for the Reds, that he should leave with his family. The preachers assured him they would be all right and that no doubt it would be only a few days until things would be quieted down and he could return.

That evening after the children returned from school, it was decided that if the situation was no brighter in the morning, they would at least go to Inchon, which is Seoul's nearby seaport town. The news that night was not too encouraging, and the Chung family was more or less on the alert. As the Children of Israel awaited final orders for their departure from Egypt, so the Chungs awaited for the final urge to be on their way.

On Tuesday morning of June 27th, word came that all of the government officials were being moved out and that they were planning to move the capital to some southern city. The Reds

were on the move toward Seoul with Russian-made tanks that could not be stopped by the South Koreans. The frenzy of war was in the air; people's faces were lined with worry and the noise of battle could be heard in the distance.

There was no question about the procedure for the Chung family. The question was -- had they waited too long? They knelt to pray; Brother Chung says they soon found themselves walking around alternately talking and praying. "We must go," he told the family. "We must go now," he urged. They grabbed a few things, and hurried out of the house. The big police dog who had previously saved their lives, driving off two Red bandits, met them at the door, wagging his tail and ran down to the gate where the car was parked. Robert says, "He stood there looking at me so pleadingly, as if to ask, "Aren't you going to take me?" He rubbed his nose against my leg, dropped his head and slowly walked back toward the house. "You take care of things for us Boy -- we'll be back," I called, and climbed into the car with the family.

Little did Robert Chung's Asbury classmates realize the part they would play in his escape from Red Terror, when they gave him a car upon his return to the field in 1947. "That Chevie really brought us through," he reflected.

Elliott was at the wheel and a good driver, but to make any time through the congested city was impossible. The report was that the city was already surrounded on three sides and the only way of exit was through the South Gate. More than a million and a half terrorized Koreans were jamming the streets and many of them appeared to be dazed as they trudged along with their bundles and babies. The boom of guns and the roar of an occasional plane overhead added to the confusion. Some had fled from the front with bloody clothes and open wounds.

After hours of snail-like progress, they reached the South Gate and headed toward the Hon River bridge, the only medium of escape from the on-rushing hordes of Communism. Shortly after they left the city, an enemy plane swept down and straffed the already weary refugees. Several were killed and a number wounded all around them, but God protected the Chungs, and no doubt spared them for a yet greater work than they had already done.

"We learned as we traveled that our South Korean soldiers were fighting fiercely and bravely," says Brother Chung. They were greatly outnumbered and were trying to stop the on-rush of heavy tanks with carbine rifles and hand grenades. "Many of our boys threw themselves into the path of the oncoming monsters as they clutched a grenade from which they had already pulled the pin." The news came also that an enemy plane in an attempt to bomb the Naval Radio Station near our Johnson Memorial Church had struck the church and partly demolished it.

"We finally reached the Hon River bridge," Brother Chung recalls. "We were only one of thousands of cars, trucks, jeeps, bicycles, and carts, to say nothing of thousands of tired and worn pedestrians." The Chungs crossed the Hon late in the afternoon and shortly after midnight the bridge was blown up, shutting off the only means of escape from the burning and shelled city.

Brother Chung's plan was to turn west toward Inchon, but Elliott insisted that they head for Suwon which was twenty miles south of Seoul. They were at the cross roads: which way should they take? Like many decisions in life -- the future was veiled and it was necessary to cast aside

human wisdom and look to God for direction. After a season of prayer, Elliott's suggestion was followed and they turned south to ward Suwon and away from Inchon, as well as away from death and destruction.

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## THE HECTIC FLIGHT

Although the road to Suwon is one of Korea's best, yet it is a far cry from most of our American third-class highways. It is hard surfaced but full of holes and not too wide. "Though progress was slow we were thankful," says Robert, "for clear weather and a means of transportation." The sun, like a crimson disk was dropping behind the purpled mountains as we saw the skyline of the city of Suwon in the distance.

They soon drove to Brother Kim's home who is pastor of the Suwon Church. The Kims were glad to see the Chung family and know that they were safe. Suwon was not in such a turmoil and it was good to be away from Seoul and able to rest a bit. The two families visited until late in the night and plans for the future were discussed. Brother Kim felt it would be good for the Chungs to remain there. Perhaps Brother Chung could go out to the country where he wasn't known and thus avoid being spotted. Although the Reds were twenty miles away and no doubt in possession of Seoul by this time, yet there were a number of Communists who had infiltrated and were hiding out in the mountains.

Another day dawned and with it the question as to whether or not the Chungs should remain in Suwon or head south. Finally it was decided that they should go on. It was a known fact that the Reds were on the move. Just how far south of Seoul they had advanced was not known. The Seoul radio station had gone off the air and later came on under Red control.

It was reported in Suwon that the Hon River bridge had been bombed during the night and that a number of cars and trucks, not knowing about it, had plunged into the river. Strafing had gone on during the night and many were killed and wounded. Some had tried to swim the river while others got into boats and canoes; overloading had caused many of them to overturn and dump their poor human cargo into the water to drown. The report revealed that chaos reigned in the Hon River area.

"What about gas, Dad?" Elliott asked. "The tank is about empty." This was the first in the excitement that they had given the matter any thought. There was a drum of gas at home and also two spare tires. "Why didn't I think of that?" Robert asked himself, but it was too late now.

The two pastors and Elliott went on a search for some gasoline and finally managed to get five gallons at a cost of eight dollars. This was expensive but is there any price too high to save one's life?

The Chungs were soon on their way and without mishap and with less road congestion they made it safely to P'yongt'ack where they were graciously met by the pastor, Ta Koo Kim. Food

was rather scarce but it was good to be twenty miles more from the scene of battle. The family rested here overnight and then resumed their journey in the morning. This time their destination was Taejon, a distance of some forty miles and the new location of the South Korean capital.

As they neared the city of Taejon, Brother Chung dropped by to see the Methodist pastor with whom he was acquainted. He did not have very good accommodations to offer them but suggested that if they cared to stay, they could sleep in the church. The invitation was accepted and they remained there five days. During the days, Brother Chung spent most of his time in the city working as an interpreter for the Korean government. Food was easy to get and things more settled.

This was a good chance for Robert to check on the possibility of getting out of the country if it became necessary. He found, however, to his disappointment, that all of the letters from friends and officials in the States that he had formerly deposited with the State Department in Seoul had been lost. This would make his departure impossible.

At Taejon he met a G. I. boy whom he had known in Seoul and learned of the terrible conditions in the former capital city. The soldier described the horrors that he had witnessed the night the Hon River bridge was bombed and how he himself had had to swim the river in order to make his getaway.

On July 5th it seemed advisable for the Chung family to be on their way. The North Koreans were sweeping down from Seoul and the Government was planning to move the capital again. It would be wise to get on their way before this mass exodus commenced, so early in the morning, Elliott turned the nose of the Chevrolet toward Yongdong, about twenty miles southeast of Taejon. The news from the government headquarters was that General MacArthur had received orders from the U. N. to send troops to assist South Korea, but no signs of their arrival had been seen.

"When we arrived in Yongdong, the streets were lined with people. Beggars and peddlers and shop keepers and refugees and wounded were crowded in together. Some were too weak from hunger to stand and were sprawled in convenient places. We had hardly arrived ourselves when we learned the good news," says Brother Ghung. "The American G. I.'s were arriving."

As the troops marched through the streets accompanied by tanks and other equipment, bedlam broke loose. Everyone shouted, some cried while others laughed and waved their hands and hats. Little ones, with haggard faces and empty stomachs clapped their hands for joy and jumped up and down; they scrambled in the street for chewing gum and bits of candy that were tossed by the boys from the tanks. The cry of "Welcome, welcome, welcome," arose in chorus from young and old alike. Uncle Sam had come. The undernourished and harassed populace took on a new hope as the Stars and Stripes went by.

"We stayed in Yongdong two days," Robert reflected, "and then left for Taegu which was another forty mile jump." The route they had taken thus far had kept them on the best roads and made their trip through less rugged country. This day was a hard trip and the road which had borne the heavy load of troop transportation was rutted and full of holes. It was the beginning of the rainy season and this hadn't helped any either. Just as the Chung car was approaching the city of Taegu in

the distance, a terrific report announced to the weary passengers that a tire had expired. Thank God there was a spare although it wasn't very good. If they had only brought those two tires from home!

The sky was black and threatening as the Chungs piled out and Elliott and Larry proceeded to change the tire. Brother and Sister Ohung had a little conference together, counted their money, and tried to decide what they should do next. It was agreed among them that they would sell anything they could get along without watches, wedding ring, etc. They probably wouldn't get much for them, but it would help them to keep soul and body together. At this point, they commenced to realize all of the things they might have brought with them if they had only thought. Well, it was good to be spared and certainly God would provide.

As the family climbed back in and headed for nearby Taegu, it was with a feeling of absolute dependence on God. Money was short, gas was low, and they were traveling on poor tires without a spare. When they finally drove into Taegu in a downpour of rain, it was with weary bodies and heavy hearts. They found a small inn where they were able to get accommodations and put up for the night.

After four days in Taegu with bad news from the fighting front as a steady diet, the Chungs decided to move again. The Government had already moved to the seaport of Pusan. Where could they be safer? Then too, the American headquarters was there. If there was any place where human protection could be assured in such a war torn, and defeated country, it was at Pusan. So -- fifteen days after leaving the beloved city of Seoul, they started for Pusan; the last point on the peninsula to which they could flee.

Just out of Taegu they approached an intersection. Which way should they take? If they went by way of Miryang, they could save about twenty miles. However, this would take them through rugged country and no doubt it would be infested with Communist bands. If they went by Kyongju, it would be farther. The tires were thin and for that reason they should consider the matter of mileage, but after prayerful consideration, they chose the longer route.

The day was reasonably pleasant, for which they were thankful. They made fair time and without mishap, arrived at the city of Kyongju a bit after four o'clock. This would give them ample time to go on to Ipsil-li before dark. The government ruling was that all cars and travelers should try to be off the road by seven p.m. as a matter of self protection. After dark the Red guerillas came down from the mountains and carried on their deadly work.

"We left Kyongju in the distance and drove as fast as it was safe to drive toward Ipsil-li. The road was terrible; much worse than we had previously covered. Every time we struck a bump one of us would say, 'Be careful, Elliott;' the thought of a flat tire was petrifying," Brother Chung remembers.

He continued, "It was about five o'clock; we were driving through a little farming section between two mountains when I felt a sickening bump-bump-bump. Elliott turned white and looked at me. 'A flat tire!' he exclaimed. He brought the car to a stop and slowly we all climbed out. The left rear tire was as flat as a pancake. Mrs. Chung, who had held up wonderfully under the strain,



sat down on the roadside and broke into tears. Ruthie tried to comfort her mother while Robert and the boys stood wondering what to do.

"If only I had brought those tires," said Robert.

"Well, if we only had some patching materials, I might be able to fix it," said Elliott, scratching his head and looking at the deflated tire.

Larry, who hadn't been paying too much attention to what was being said, suddenly registered a look of comprehension.

"We-have patching stuff, Dad," he cried and with that lifted the trunk of the car, rummaged around and produced an old box of patching materials.

"Where did you get that, Lardy?" asked his father, taking it from him. It was a box of patches that the dealer had given Robert in 1947 back in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. A couple of days before Larry had found it and used it to patch a ball. He couldn't explain why, but the day they had left Seoul he had aimlessly, or I should say providentially picked it up on the way out and tossed it into the trunk. With all the prize possessions, he had never thought to bring anything except that box of patches.

Soon the shoe was off the rim and the patch applied, the tire remounted and ready for inflation. It was a sorry kind of a pump that was found among the tools but with a great deal of sweat and muscle, the tire commenced to show signs of life and took shape as an inflated tire should. Then sh-h-h-h and the worn shoe went limp. Upon examination they found that the patch hadn't stuck, perhaps due to the age of the cement.

Another patch was used and by that time several farmers and their families had gathered to watch the procedure. One old man told Brother Chung that he hoped he could get that thing fixed so they could get going. It was now five-thirty and the second patch had come loose. He was informed that it was a bad country. The night before three car loads of refugees had been waylaid, robbed, and killed by the Reds who had come down from the mountains. "It's just not safe to stay here," said the old man, and all the others agreed. "They have stolen all our rice," said another.

The Chungs were tense as Elliott put on the last patch and that with a prayer. This was their only hope. The tire was mounted and one of the men offered to do the pumping. Then -- the familiar sh-h-h-h-, and down it went.

Brother Chung dropped to the ground exhausted; his wife knelt beside him. Her face was white with fear and the tears were scalding their way down her weary cheeks. This must be God's will for us, Robert thought. His wife stood up and went to the car where she brought out a bundle of clothes. The children gathered around the parents while the Korean peasants stood watching. She told them that no doubt they would be separated and scattered. They might need a piece of clothing if they lived, so she separated the bundle into five pack ages and gave each one his bundle.

Robert told them that this might be the last time they would be together. They joined hands and with a prayer of resignation on his lips, he turned his face heaven ward and committed his family to the God he had served across the years. The children were crying softly and his wife was shaking with emotion. He said that he had no sooner said, "Amen," than he felt he Should look in the trunk himself. He did and to his amazement he found one more patch laying in the far corner. "Praise God," he said, "God had that patch there for us."

The peasants seemed as glad as the Chungs. All of the men wanted to help. The tire was repaired and some of the men took turns pumping while Brother Chung used his time praying. The patch held, the tire was put on the wheel, and at six-thirty, in the afterglow of a golden sunset, the Chung family waved good-by to their country friends and made their way to Ipsil-li.

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### 3 SUSPENSE OF WAITING

It was after dark when the family arrived at Ipsil-li. Their bodies were weary but on their lips was a song of praise. The town was small and not many people were stirring. A policeman was on duty at one of the street corners and Brother Chung thought perhaps he could direct them. Upon inquiring, the policeman took them to an inn next to the police station and assured him they would be protected.

"We have three detectives on duty", said the officer, "you and your family will be all right."

Brother Chung says, "We were all in one room together. We were so tired, and soon fell asleep from exhaustion."

Sometime during the night Robert was awakened by the creaking of the door. He opened his eyes to see the shadow of two men entering their room. He sat up to be faced with the light from a weak flashlight and looked into the muzzle of two guns. The spokesman of the pair announced that they were South Korean soldiers; they were on a secret mission and wanted his automobile. His first impulse was to give them his keys rather than face those guns any longer. But then -- the men had a north Korean dialect. This was just a trick. He would stall for time.

"Where are your credentials?" he asked feebly.

They assured him that they had them but since they were on a secret mission they were not supposed to reveal their identity.

"After all," said one, "how do we know but what you stole that car." Whereupon Robert produced his license and papers showing that he was a Nazarene preacher. That didn't make any difference; they had to have that car.

Brother Chung tells with a twinkle in his eye how the Lord led him at this point. "Well," said he, "I am a preacher and I always ask the Lord about everything I do. Suppose we pray and see what my Lord says." They did not object so he got on his knees and prayed. The family who had been awakened were quietly joining him in prayer.

"I do not know whether the men prayed or not," Robert reflects, "but when I had finished, I told them that the Lord said I should not give them the car -- that I needed it worse than they did."

"Well," said the spokesman, "if your Lord said that, then you had better keep the car." With that they left the room.

The next morning when the family was preparing to leave the inn, the two men appeared again and asked if they might ride to Pusan. Robert told them he was very sorry but the car was full and the tires were bad. He offered to pay their fare if there was any train running. They rejected the offer and told him they would make it some way.

After stopping over eight days in Tongnae which is about ten miles north of Pusan, the family arrived in the south Korean port just twenty-eight days after they had left Seoul, having covered only about two hundred and thirty miles.

"It was a hard trip," says Brother Chung, "but the Lord was really with us. Although our faith was tested our Great God brought us through."

Upon their arrival at Pusan, the Ohungs were alarmed to learn that the North Koreans had pushed half way down the peninsula. In spite of the help of the American soldiers, the Communists were not being stopped. Every day brought news of new withdrawals and heavy losses. Next Mokpo, where our strongest Nazarene Church is located, fell to the Reds and the United Nation's forces started to withdraw to the East thus reducing the perimeter every day.

Conditions appeared to most Koreans as though it were a losing battle; however, the American officers at the U. N. headquarters were full of confidence. Brother Chung felt that in view of the heavy losses and the rapidly shrinking margin of safety, it would be well to get out of the country.

He had been working in the Chaplain's office in Pusan for several weeks and had made inquiry as to the possibilities of leaving, but was informed that orders had been issued that no Korean was to leave the country.

He says that being so closely associated with the Army headquarters helped him to see more than ever what it was meaning to thousands of American boys to leave the shores of fair America and come out to Korea to help drive back the Communist enemy and strive, at the cost of life, to make the "Land of the Morning Calm" a place of peace and freedom.

One morning he was called outside the office. There were five G. I.'s and they wanted to know if he would pray with them. They stood in a circle around him as he carried them to the throne of grace. When he finished, their eyes were moist. They were going into battle. Five

mothers were some where in the States, waiting and praying for their return. After thanking him and giving a word of farewell, they hustled away to join their outfit enroute to the front. Brother Chung says with a husky voice and tears in his eyes, "I met one of those boys just before I left. I asked about the other four and learned that they all had been killed in battle."

During the time that Robert was in the Chaplain's office, his heart was crushed time and again with the news of those who had been killed or wounded -- those with whom he had fellowshiped. It was there he learned of the death of our own Chaplain, Byron Lee, and the death of a Catholic Chaplain, the loss of an arm by a Presbyterian Chaplain, and hundreds of other casualties. Still the Reds continued to push the U. N. forces into a smaller and smaller area. It looked for a time as though it might be another Dunkirk.

Rev. Chung tells of the encouragement that was afforded him by a Baptist Chaplain named Riley from Texas. He was the Chaplain in charge in Pusan. Robert says, "It was a great joy to work with him and I will always turn him my appreciation, for his help in getting me out of the country.

There is no way of telling the strain under which the Chung family labored during the long summer months. The anxiety, the uncertainty, the sleepless nights, and days of waiting for something to happen.

One day while discussing his problem with Chaplain Riley and lamenting the fact that he didn't seem to be able to get anywhere with government officials, the Chaplain came up with an idea which proved to be none other than the revealed plan of God. He got him an appointment with the commanding officer which gave him a chance to explain his situation to one in authority.

Isn't it wonderful that God is always alert to our need and many times is planning to answer our prayers and meet our needs many months in advance.

During Brother Chung's last visit to the States, he was introduced by one of his old Asbury classmates to a certain Senator. It was more or less casual at first but later developed into a real friendship and a great interest on the part of the Senator in the work and welfare of Brother Chung. He advised him, that since the Korean situation at that time was a bit uncertain, and that undoubtedly, the Korean Reds would eventually attempt to take over the whole country, it would be wise for him to have some plan on foot to get out of the country if it became necessary. He showed him how that he could get a permanent residency status which would allow him to come back without the red tape that is normally necessary.

It was a good plan. I remember Robert discussing it with me at my home. There was only one hitch -- he would have to go to Canada in order to effect the arrangement. This was going to be very inconvenient and costly. A trip that wasn't necessary except for this matter; I remember how he debated it for several days. It would be nice to have but perhaps he would never need it. In spite of everything, he simply could not get away from the urge to go through with such planning and get his residency card. Of course we can see now why the urge was on him for it was this that made it possible for him to leave the country and get back to the States.

When he showed the commanding officer his card of permanent residency, he told him that was the answer: He knew he could get them out. He checked with the government office and found that again they were stuck; Robert would have to have a passport and none were being issued. Whereupon, Brother Chung thought of his old passport and wondered if that would be any good. After examining it, they found that he still had a few days before it was out of date.

God was working for the Chungs. This was the answer. It looked as though they would make it. The plan was to get them to Japan and then from there they could arrange to get passage on a commercial ship to the States. But said Robert, "Where would I get the money to buy passages for five of us? It would cost at least fifteen hundred dollars."

The next time he went to see the commanding officer he learned that they had not been able to get his clearance through Japan and this ruled it out. Again the plans had fallen through and they were resigning themselves to remain and take it as the will of God for them.

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#### GLORIOUS DELIVERANCE

On August 22nd, Robert Chung received word from the Chaplain's office that he was to go at once to see the officer in command. When he entered the office, the General was smiling. "Brother Chung, I have good news for you," he commenced. "How soon can you be ready to leave?"

As far as Robert was concerned, he could go at once. Everything they had was gone except the few soiled clothes they had on; there wasn't anything to get ready. That was one time when he could say "blessed be nothing" -- nor did it take him long to tell the officer that they could leave at once if necessary.

He was informed that there was a transport due in any time that day, and that as quickly as it was unloaded, it would leave. Passage had been arranged for the Reverend and his family.

"That is very good, Sir, and I turn you my appreciation," Robert stammered, "but I'm afraid I cannot accept the offer since I do not have the money for our passage."

"Well, don't worry about that -- we'll talk to Uncle Sam about that matter. You and your family be down here ready to go by five o'clock and come to my office."

It was almost unbelievable. He rushed to the inn where they were staying to break the news. Needless to say' the family could hardly contain their unbounded joy.

They certainly did not look like passengers ready for an ocean voyage. Their clothes were mussed and soiled but this was no time to quibble over appearance. This was the deliverance that God had provided. Amen!

They put in their appearance at the General's office at the exact time. There was no boat in sight at the dock but shortly after dark they saw it loom out of the night and head for the pier.

The officer had explained to them that there would be about eighteen hundred troops on board and they would have to unload before they could board. Soon the G. I.'s started streaming down the gangplank on to the pier. As Mrs. Chung watched them, many of them coming to a land of death, she could not keep away the tears. "They have come from good homes in faraway America to fight for us -- to help save our country. What a wonderful land that must be," she thought.

After some thousand soldiers had been unloaded, they heard an officer shout a command and the stream of American youth ceased.

The General approached the Chungs on the pier and told them that when the Captain of the ship found they were waiting he sent word that he would cease the unloading long enough to let the family aboard.

"Now Rev, and Mrs. Chung, you may go aboard and I hope you have a pleasant journey." With that the General extended his hand to each member of the family.

"But, Sir," stammered Robert -- "what about our passage? Are you sure it's all right?"

The General assured him that the trip was on Uncle Sam. The ship was returning empty and they were welcome to go. The only charge would be for meals and incidentals.

The Chungs thanked him again and again and bowed their appreciation to this man whom God had used as an instrument of deliverance.

They were soon on board ship and escorted to the best state room. As they lay there on soft mattresses between snowy white sheets it was hard to believe that they were on their way to America. To Mrs. Chung and the children, who had never been out of their native land, it seemed like a dream. The Chungs soon slipped quietly out into slumber to the thud, thud, thud of G. I. footsteps as they marched across the deck and on to the pier. Sometime under the cover of night the General Freeman nosed out of the harbor and into the ocean bearing its precious cargo of redeemed souls -- the Chung family.

When Robert and his family awakened on the morning of August 22nd, they had left a war-stricken country behind them and were on their way to "the land of the free and the home of the brave."

When they were bathed and dressed, the steward came to their quarters to personally escort them to the dining room. The children's eyes were wide with wonderment as they saw for the first time an American breakfast, served in American style, with ham and eggs and toast, fruit, and cereal.

After breakfast the commanding officer made himself known and told them the ship was theirs. They were at liberty to go from the hull to the bridge, in any lounge or parlor, and on any

deck. They were the only passengers. Their meals would be served in the dining room at regular hours and they could eat as often as they pleased and as much as they pleased between meals, of they got sick, there were three doctors and four nurses at their command. "It's all paid for," said the officer, "so help yourself."

Brother Chung in telling about it says it reminds him of Jesus when He takes us on board the Gospel Ship Zion. Everything is provided to keep us enroute, with the promise that the Old Ship will land us safe in port if we'll stay on board. And the best thing -- "Jesus paid it ALL."

It was a wonderful trip with beautiful weather all the way. "We could not help but think of the millions of poor homeless Koreans, broken and bleeding and starving. Our minds turned to them and the brave G. I.'s fighting for us on our home soil," says Brother Chung.

On Saturday morning, September 2nd, Robert was rudely awakened by shouts and shakes. It was none other than the three children arousing him to see the glorious sight.

"Get up -- get up, Dad. Come out and see. You're missing it." He jumped into his clothes and hurried out on deck. Sure enough, they were entering the harbor at Seattle.

"Is this it, Dad?" squealed Ruthie.

"Is this really America? --" chimed Larry. "I feel like I'm dreaming." Robert assured them that this was the United States. It was real. It wasn't a dream. He says, "It seemed to me that morning that as the General Freeman made its way up the river every tree was waving its branches and saying, 'Welcome, welcome.'" The faces of the Chung family were radiant with delight but bathed in tears of joy and gratitude as the big ship slipped into her berth.

Here they were away from the noise of battle, away from suffering and starvation and want. A new land was waiting with open arms. A land full of opportunity, a land of plenty; a land of friendliness and happiness.

Brother Chung says, "There are two more great joys I want to experience. One is the joy of returning to my native Korea again, and the other is the joy of entering that haven of eternal rest that is the approach to the jasper-walled city of God -- with its gates of pearl and streets of gold. The city where blooms the tree of life with its leaves for the healing of the nations. The city where war never comes, where sickness is banished, and death never enters., The city where we'll never be separated again, and where Christ the Light will shine in His radiance around us; where we shall have the privilege of joining with the angelic choir and singing the praises of Him who has redeemed us with His own precious blood."

We say, "Amen," to Brother Chung and may God keep us and grant us all an abundant entrance into the eternal kingdom.

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THE END

